Volume 1 October, 1921 Number 2

CHRONICLES OF OKLAHOMA

Issued Quarterly

By

The Oklahoma Historical Society

Two Dollars per Year

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Oklahoma Historical Society

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ANNOUNCEMENT

When the first issue of **Chronicles of Oklahoma** was published and sent out it was planned to issue it regularly each quarter. Scarcity of funds caused its temporary discontinuance. It will appear regularly hereafter, though somewhat reduced in size until more adequate funds are available for such purposes. As it is desirable to have the volumes run with the calendar year, the first volume will consist of but two numbers.

Under the new constitution of the Society, its publications are to be issued under the supervision of a standing committee consisting of the secretary of the Society and two other members. At the last meeting of the Board of Directors, held August 2, upon recommendation of the committee on publications, it was voted to continue the publication of **Chronicles of Oklahoma** as the successor of **Historia,** which has been issued quarterly since 1909.

Chronicles of Oklahoma

The adjourned session of the annual meeting of the Oklahoma Historical Society was held on Saturday, June 25, 1921. Practically the only business transacted was the consideration of the report of the committee on the revision of the constitution and by-laws of the Society. The revised constitution and by-laws as reported by the committee, were adopted without change. The meeting was well attended. The new constitution and by-laws will be printed and copies will be furnished to each member of the Society.

One of the most encouraging features of the work of the Oklahoma Historical Society is the increasing amount of research work that is being done in the material contained in its collections. The amount of research work which has been done in the library of the Society during the year 1921 exceeds that of any previous year of its existence by several hundred per cent. This fact emphasizes the necessity of having the documentary material in the collections of the Society catalogued and made readily available for such use. The practical value of such a collection is seriously impaired unless it can be made available for instant reference by patronizing research workers and students as well as to facilitate the work of the Society's own officials and employes.

When the collections of the Oklahoma Historical Society were removed to the quarters assigned to it in the basement of the new Capitol, in December, 1917, it was believed that it was thus afforded ample room for expansion for a period of at least six or eight or, possibly, ten years. At the end of four years, it finds its quarters becoming congested. A thousand volumes of newspaper files recently received from the bindery call for additional stacks in a room which has been pronounced overcrowded by the state fire marshal. In addition to this, there are many tons of books and other documentary material that are boxed and packed away in a store room where the atmospheric conditions are far from being ideal for the proper care and preservation of such property. Space for

the exhibition of museum material is also becoming scarce and, even if additional museum cases were available (which they are not), the floor space for the proper placing of the same would be very limited. A proper and reasonable housing for the Oklahoma Historical Society and its collections promises to be a live issue henceforth.

Among the changes made as the result of the adoption of the revised constitution by the Oklahoma Historical Society was that of fixing the date of the annual meeting of the Society on the first Tuesday in February instead of the second Tuesday in January, it having been found that the earlier date conflicted with gubernatorial inaugurations and suffered in popular interest by reason of its closeness to the assembling and organization of the regular biennial legislative sessions. The next annual meeting will therefore be held on Tuesday, February 7, 1922. For the first time in the history of the Society, a formal program is being prepared to be offered on that occasion. With the material increase in the membership of the Society and with indications of an even greater augmentation in the immediate future, its annual meetings will assume added interest in the public mind as well as to its members.

Although the total appropriations for all state purposes, made by the legislature of 1921, was approximately twelve per cent greater than that of the Legislature of 1919, the appropriation for the support of the Oklahoma Historical Society was cut over forty per cent below the amount appropriated for its maintenance during the preceding two-year period. The only explanation that has been offered is that the appropriations of practically all of the other state institutions were also reduced below the estimates submitted. While this is true, practically all of the other state institutions were asking for greatly increased appropriations and none of them suffered much if any reduction below the appropriations respectively made for their support by the preceding Legislature and, indeed, several of them received appropriations which showed generous increases above those which were made two

years earlier. As a result, the Historical Society, had to reduce its working force and cut the modest stipends of employes who were continued in its service and it has also been forced to discontinue the cataloguing of its library and documentary material. The state historical societies of other states which rank with Oklahoma in population averaged twice as many staff employes as the Oklahoma Historical Society had before it was forced to make the reduction already mentioned and none of them have any three per cent gross production tax on oil and gas, neither have any of them as generous endowment provisions for public education as that which is possessed by Oklahoma. The Oklahoma Historical Society has been modest in its estimates for the support of the work assigned to it. It has been a party to no combine and no game of grab. Yet, seemingly, for the very reason that it has not engaged in the mad scramble for excessive appropriations, it has not received the consideration to which its functions and its place in the life of the state justly entitle it. That the time has arrived when it should insist upon fairer treatment and freedom from unjust discrimination in the matter of adequate provision for the proper prosecution of its work, there can be no question.

Active local historical societies have been organized and are being maintained at Muskogee and Tulsa. The Muskogee Historical Society is assembling the beginnings of an interesting and instructive historical museum in the public library of that city. On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the opening of the Comanche and Kiowa country to homestead settlement, there was organized at Lawton an old settlers' association, the scope of the activities of which include in part those of a local historical society. All three of these organizations give promise of active co-operation with the Oklahoma Historical Society as a recognized institution of the state. There is abundant room for a number of other local historical societies in the state and the officers and directors of the Oklahoma Historical Society will be glad to lend their aid and encouragement to any movements to such an end. The work of organizing and maintaining such an institution, locally, always calls for a large measure of unselfishness and public spirit on the part of a few devoted men and women but, in the long run, the effort is well worth while.

WHEELOCK SEMINARY

By Allen Wright

Wheelock Seminary, around which is entwined much of the early history of Oklahoma, is situated in McCurtain County abount one and one-half miles northeast of Millerton and about ten or twelve miles north and west of Idabel. Here it was that one of the principal missions established by the American Board among the Choctaws had its beginning, and here it was that many of the Choctaw men and women, who afterwards became prominent, received their early training in those things which fitted them for a life of usefulness and service to their people and to the future state of Oklahoma.

Subsequent to the concluding of the treaty in September, 1830, at Doak's Stand, Mississippi, commonly known as the Treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, the Choctaws emigrated to their new home west of the Mississippi. This removal took place in the years 1831, 1832 and 1833 and was made in bands or companies, each company being known by the name of its leader or head man.

Prior to the removal of the Choctaws from Mississippi the American Board had established a number of missions amongst the Choctaws and had made considerable progress in both religious and educational work. Many of the old missionaries in Mississippi emigrated with the Choctaws or joined them in their new home shortly after their removal. Amongst those early missionaries were Reverend Cyrus Byington, Reverend Cyrus Kingsbury, Copeland, Hotchkin,—all names familiar to the older inhabitants of the eastern part of Oklahoma, especially that part which comprised the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory.

The band or company known as the Thomas LeFlore Company, comprising about six hundred persons, in the early part of 1832 removed from Mississippi and settled in what is now McCurtain County, Oklahoma. Shortly after their arrival in their new home a mission was established and a church organized and named Wheelock Mission, in memory of the first president of Dartmouth College. It is said that the first meeting was held on the 9th day of December, 1832, at which meeting thirty persons were received into the church from those who had formerly been members of the church in Mississippi,

and that seven others were added on profession of faith. The mission was established by Reverend Alfred Wright, who was a missionary to the Choctaws in Mississippi and who had continued his work amongst the Choctaws in their new home after it had been interrupted in Mississippi, occasioned by the preparations for their removal.

Joseph B. Thoburn in his History of Oklahoma gives the following account of Reverend Alfred Wright, the founder of the mission:

"Alfred Wright was born at Columbia, Connecticut, March 1, 1788; graduated from Williams College in 1812, and Andover Seminary 1814; went to North Carolina in 1815, resided three years in Raleigh, ordained as an evangelist with Jonas King in Charleston, South Carolina, December 17, 1819; shortly after received an appointment from the board as a missionary among the Choctaws; returned to New England in 1820, stationed at Goshen, August 1, 1823. Missionary operations were interrupted by the removal of the Choctaws across the Mississippi so he left that region October 27, 1830, visited New England and continued north till 1831; he then went to Little Rock, Arkansas, February 18, 1832. On September 14, 1832, he went to Wheelock where he died."

At first the mission was purely a religious organization, but very shortly after its foundation, probably in the early part of the year 1833, a school was established as a component part of the mission. The school was maintained by the American Board as a day school for Indian children, later as a boarding school for Indian girls. About the year 1875, the school was given certain support by the Choctaw national government from the tribal funds, and became more or less a national institution for orphan girls, with the actual control of the school, however in the hands of the Board.

Since its foundation in 1833, Wheelock School has been rebuilt, added to, and remodeled, and is today one of the most attractive institutions of the kind within the state, being maintained to this day as a school for orphan Indian girls and wholly supported from the tribal funds. Wheelock Seminary, as it is now known, can well lay claim to being one of the oldest educational institutions within the state, having had an unbroken and continuous existence since its foundation in 1833

to the present. During that time it has been under different managements, first the Board of Missions, then the Board with a part of the financial support derived from the Choctaw tribal funds, then the support and supervision of the Choctaw Nation, then the support of the Choctaw Nation under the supervision of the Indian Department in accordance with the agreement, known as the Atoka Agreement, which was made between the Choctaw Nation and the United States in 1898.

In glancing over the history of this interesting old institution one cannot help but think that it was endowed at its foundation with some of the sterling qualities of its founder, who exchanged the comforts and pleasures of his New England home for the discomforts and sufferings of the great West in order that he might carry out what he conceived to be his mission in life. Those were not days of railroads and modern conveyances such as we now have, and the journey was made by these people in wagons drawn by horses or oxen, on river-boats and flat-boats. So arduous was the journey from their old home in the state of Mississippi to their new home west of the Mississippi River that many died on the way, and were buried where they died, and because of this the road was called the "Trail of Tears."

From this institution many Choctaw women, prominent in their day and time, received the first rudiments of their education, and after finishing the prescribed course taught in the school, either went at their own expense or were sent at the expense of the Choctaw Nation to different colleges of the South and East. Among former students of the school now living are Mrs. A. M. Colbert, who is the daughter of Israel Folsom, a man prominent in the affairs of the Nation, and the mother of Mrs. M. Conlan of Oklahoma City; Mrs. J. F. McCurtain, who was Jane Austin, and who is the widow of Jack McCurtain, one of the ablest chiefs the Choctaws ever had. Mrs. McCurtain is still living, and is known and loved by all the older members of the Choctaws.

Near the school is an old stone church, which was built in 1842 under the direction and supervision of the founder of the mission, and dedicated in 1846. The church was built from native stone quarried in and about the school. From 1832 to March 31, 1853, the date of the death of Reverend Alfred

Wright, there were nearly six hundred members taken into the church by him. A tablet can yet be seen in the church graveyard giving the date of his birth, death, and a short account of his work as a missionary among the Choctaw Indians. This tablet was placed over his grave shortly after his death by those among whom he had labored and for whom he had devoted the greater part of his life. One can readily imagine the trials and tribulations that were encountered in building this simple church in those days, and one can well imagine the thoughts that were in the mind of that goodly man while the church was undergoing construction. No doubt it was difficult in those days to obtain material and money, and with the inadequate means at hand he was endeavoring to construct a church such as he had left in the far-away New England home. Time has proven that he built well, for although many changes have taken place since the church was built, yet it remains today a living witness to his work. To such institutions as Wheelock, and to such men as its founder, the people of Oklahoma will always be indebted for braving the dangers and discomforts of a new and comparatively unexplored country and implanting in the hearts and minds of its inhabitants those precepts and principles which make for a higher and better citizenship; and to such institutions and to such men as the early missionaries the Choctaws, and in fact all the Indians of eastern Oklahoma, will ever owe a debt of gratitude for having so thoroughly prepared them for the duties which years later devolved upon them as citizens of a great commonwealth.

THE PATERNITY OF SEQUOYA
THE INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET

By Albert V. Goodpasture

There is a bold mountain stream that rises in the Blue Ridge, in North Carolina, cuts its way through the Great Smoky Mountains that separate North Carolina from Tennessee, penetrates the Valley of East Tennessee, and empties itself into the Tennessee River, near Loudon. It is now called the Little Tennessee. Its waters are pure and sparkling, its valleys green and inviting, and its hills fair and sunny. It was greatly loved by the Cherokees. Their Overhill towns lay along its southern border from the mouth of Tellico, eastward.

Henry Timberlake, a young Virginia soldier, spent the winter of 1761-2 in these towns, and has left us an account of them, with a map giving their names and locations.[1] For my purpose, it will be necessary to mention only four of them—Tennessee and Echota, governed by Oconostota, the great warrior and principal chief of the Nation; and Mialaquo and Tuskegee, governed by the renowned Attakullakulla, remarkable for the peaceable attitude he always maintained towards his white neighbors. Tennessee, which has given its name to the State of Tennessee and its great river, was the earliest known

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Mr. A. V. Goodpasture, author of the article on the Paternity of Sequoyah in this issue of The Chronicles of Oklahoma is one of the foremost students of Indian and Southern history in his section of the country. Mr. Goodpasture is a native of Tennessee and now resides on his country estate near Clarksville, Tennessee. The following are some of his publications:

Indian Wars and Warriors of the Old Southwest.
Geographical Influence in the First Settlement of Tennessee.
The Watauga Association.
Richard Henderson and Western Expansion.
Wm. Blount and the Old Southwest Territory.
Dr. James White, Pioneer, Politician, Lawyer.
Andrew Jackson, Tennessee and the Union.
John Bell's Revolt against the Jackson Regime.
Education and the Public Lands in Tennessee.
Pepys and The Original Proprietors of Carolina.
Also joint author with Dr. W. R. Garrett of a History of Tennessee, and with W. H. Goodpasture of a Life of Jefferson Dillard Goodpasture.

He is at present a member of the Tennessee History Committee, and was formerly a Secretary of the Tennessee Historical Society, and Editor of the American Historical Magazine when that periodical became the organ of the Historical Society.

1 Memoirs of Lieut. Henry Timberlake. London 1765.

capital of the Cherokee Nation; while Echota, with its namesake, New Echota, were its capitals from the time of Oconostota until the western emigration. Mialaquo was the early home of the able, but irreconcilable chief, Dragging Canoe, who split off from the old tribe, and founded the celebrated Chickamauga towns; and Tuskegee, its sister village, lying under the walls of Fort Loudon, about five miles from Echota, was the birth-place of the great Cherokee syllabist, Sequoya, who is also called George Guess, or Guest, or, more correctly, Gist, presumably after his father. Sequoya is believed to have been born about the time the famous fortress of Fort Loudon was taken by the Cherokees, in 1760. This approximate date seems to be fairly established by Sequoya himself. An Iroquois peace delegation visited the Cherokees at Echota about the year 1770.[2] Sequoya, then a small boy living with his mother at Tuskegee, was present at this treaty, and was old enough to remember some of its incidents, which he detailed to his cousin, James Wafford. He must, therefore, have been something near ten years of age at the time, which would fix the date of his birth at about the year 1760.

Sequoya continued to reside at Tuskegee until he was, probably, thirty-two years of age. Dragging Canoe, formerly of Mialaquo, died in his bed at Running Water, about the first of March, 1792, and Colonel John Watts, of Echota, was invited to take his place as principal chief of the Chickamaugas. Watts accepted the position, but did not settle at Running Water, nor, indeed, at any of the five original Chickamauga towns. He chose to fix the seat of his government at Willstown, on the Coosa River, in the present State of Alabama. The encroachments of the white settlers had already rendered the condition of the Overhill towns intolerable, and many of Watts' friends followed him to the south. Sequoya, among others, emigrated to Willstown, probably at this time (1792).

In 1809, after he had passed the meridian of life, Sequoya conceived the idea of devising a written language for the Cherokee people. It was a bold conception. It would have been a rash undertaking for the most learned philologist of his time; but Sequoya, reared as he had been in an Indian village on the Little Tennessee River, spoke no language but his own, and

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2 Mooney's Myths of the Cherokee, pp. 109 and 353.

had never acquired so much as a rudimentary knowledge of letters. His scheme was independent of all other written languages. For twelve years he labored patiently and unremittingly on its development, unaided even by the sympathy of his fellows, who ridiculed his dogged persistence, as he recovered from one failure after another, until his system was finally completed in 1821.

Among all the schemes of symbolic thought representation, from the simple pictograph of primitative man to the finished alphabet of civilized nations, Sequoya's syllabary of the Cherokee language stands second only to the Cadmean alphabet[3]; and if we might begin anew and devise a system for our own exclusive use, it would be the most philosophical of them all.[4] Sequoya ascertained the number of syllables in the Cherokee tongue, and formed a distinct character for each syllable. There is no spelling under his system, which eliminates all the perplexing questions of orthography that continually arise under our system. As soon as the eighty-five characters of the syllabary are mastered, which may be done in a few weeks, the whole written language is acquired. We are assured that in a single month the Cherokee child reaches a proficiency in reading and writing that takes our children at least two years to attain.

The mother of Sequoya was an Indian woman of good family; who his father was has not been satisfactorily determined. Phillips and those who follow him assert that he was the son of George Gist, an unlicensed German peddler from Georgia, who came into the Cherokee nation in 1768, married an Indian girl for the purpose of obtaining cheap protection and board, and departed long before his son was born. "We might denounce him," he adds, "as a low adventurer if we did not remember that he was the father of one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared on the continent." [5]

Aside from the improbability that a man of the character and genius of Sequoya should be the son of a low adventurer, which we are not constrained to believe in this instance, I have already shown the physical impossibility of Phillips' assertion, insomuch as Sequoya was born some eight years before the

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3 Mooney's Myths of the Cherokee, p. 209.

4 North American Review, Vol. 19, p. 501; April, 1829.

5 Sequoya, by William A. Phillips. Harper's Magazine, Vol. 41, p. 42; Sept. 1870.

German peddler's advent into the nation—probably in the year 1760. We, may, therefore, dismiss the claim of George Gist as unquestionably fictitious.

Only one other man—Nathaniel Gist—has ever been suggested as the father of Sequoya, and his claim has not received serious consideration on account of the manner in which it was presented. The story as told by John Mason Brown is that Nathaniel Gist was captured by the Cherokees at Braddock's defeat in 1755, and remained a prisoner with them for six years, during which time he became the father of Sequoya. On his return to civilization he married a white woman in Virginia by whom he had other children, and afterwards removed to Kentucky, where Sequoya, then a Baptist preacher, frequently visited him, and was always recognized by the family as his son.[6] In reply to this claim Mooney points out that the Cherokees were allies of the British during the war in which Braddock's defeat occurred; and that Sequoya, so far from being a Baptist preacher, was not even a Christian. For these positive errors, and some other improbabilities in Brown's story, he classes it as one of those genealogical myths built on a chance similarity of name.[7]

Notwithstanding its manifest errors, there is a sub-stratum of truth back of Brown's story that lends credence to the essential fact of a tradition that has clung to the family after its historical setting has been forgotten. Nathaniel Gist was a soldier in the French and Indian war; for his services he received a tract of several thousand acres of land in Bourbon County, Kentucky, on which he built the famous old homestead called Canewood, long remembered for the hospitality it dispensed.[8] Probably in Braddock's campaign, but certainly in that of General Forbes, he was closely associated with the Cherokees; and after the fall of Fort Duquesne in 1758, he spent much of his time in their nation up to the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

In the year 1753 George Washington was dispatched by Governor Dinwiddie on an important mission to the French on the Ohio. He was then only twenty-one years old—an age at

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6 Manuscript letters of John Mason Brown, January 17, 18, 22, and February 4, 1889, in archives of the Bureau of American Ethnology, cited in Mooney's Myths of the Cherokee, p. 109.

7 Mooney's Myths of the Cherokee, p. 109.

8 Filson Club Publications, No. 13, p. 99.

which fast friendships are readily formed. At Will's Creek he met with Christopher Gist, father of Nathaniel Gist, and engaged him as guide in his expedition. Christopher Gist was one of the earliest and most intelligent explorers of the country west of the Alleghanies. Three years before, he had been employed by the Ohio Company to explore their immense grant lying between the Monongahela and Kentucky Rivers. Originally from Maryland, he was at that time living on a farm near the home of Daniel Boone on the Yadkin River. On his return from his first expedition it was his fortune to stand on a mountain and view the magnificent country of Kentucky, long before it was beheld by his neighbor Boone.[9] The tradition that Gist saved Washington's life while crossing the Alleghany River may not be literally true,[10] but they suffered terrible hardships and dangers together, and a warm friendship grew up between them. When hostilities broke out Gist, who had formed a settlement near Fort Necessity, attached himself to Washington, and continued with him until operations in the West terminated with the evacuation of Fort DeQuesne by the French in 1758.

In the campaign against Fort DuQuesne great effort was made to engage the Cherokees in the British interest; Washington thought their presence indispensably necessary. Many of them were engaged. Among others, a chief whom Washington calls Antasity,[11] undoubtedly meant for Outacite (the mankiller), of Tomotley, known on the border as Judge Friend. At the close of the Cherokee war in 1762 Outacite went to England with Henry Timberlake, where he created a great furore, was visited by thousands of people, had an audience with the king, and received many presents; among others one from Oliver Goldsmith, which, either from its appropriateness or the manner of its giving, so excited his gratitude that he embraced the great poet, and incidentally smeared his face with oil and red ochre.[12] Another chief with Washington was the great warrior, Scollacutta (Hanging Maw), afterwards head chief or the nation and a man of peace.[13] Ranking both of these was Attakullakulla (Little Carpenter), of Tuskegee, who was then in the zenith of his power.[14]

9 Irving's Life of Washington, Vol. 1, Chap. —.
10 William Henry Gist. National Cyclopedia of American Biography, Vol. 12, p. 172.
11 Sparks' Writings of Washington, Vol. 2, p. 243.
12 Irving's Life of Goldsmith, Chap. 13.
13 American State Papers, Indian Affairs, Vol. 1, p. 459.
14 Sparks' Writings of Washington, Vol. 2, p. 322.

On Washington's recommendation, Captain Christopher Gist was put in charge of the Indian affairs of the army. Nathaniel Gist, who had been elevated to the rank of lieutenant, entered the department of service of which his father had charge, and commanded a detachment of Indian auxiliaries. This was the beginning of the long and intimate friendship that subsisted between him and the Cherokee Indians.

After the fall of Fort DuQuesne, Nathaniel Gist returned to his old haunts and friends on the Yadkin River; and there is little reason to doubt that he found an early opportunity to visit his new friends on the Little Tennessee. Indeed it seems certain that he had visited the Long Island of Holston before 1760. There are few places in Tennessee around which cluster so much of early romance as is wreathed about the Long Island of Holston. It was opposite this Island that Colonel William Byrd erected Fort Robinson in 1758, which he was still occupying when Fort Loudon fell in 1760. Fort Robinson was rebuilt in 1776 under the name of Fort Patrick Henry; from which in 1779, Colonel John Donelson embarked on his perilous voyage down the Tennessee and up the Ohio and Cumberland Rivers to Nashville, freighted with the mothers of Middle Tennessee. The first pitched battle with the Cherokees in 1776, was fought at Long Island Flats; and there the Virginia and North Carolina forces under Colonel William Christian, assembled for their first expedition against the Overhill towns. Long Island was a favorite treaty ground of the Cherokees; there they held their first treaty with the States of Virginia and North Carolina in 1777, and their second in 1781. On account of its sanctity as a treaty ground the legislature of North Carolina excluded it from the operation of the act of 1783 which assumed to appropriate the Indian lands by right of conquest; and the Cherokees continued to hold it until 1806.

There is a curious reservation in the treaty of 1777. The provision is in these words:

"Memorandum before signing: That the Tassel yesterday objected against giving up the Great Island, opposite Fort Henry, to any person or country, except Colonel Nathaniel Gist. for whom and themselves it was reserved by the Cherokees.

"The Raven did the same this day in behalf of the Indians, and desired that Colonel Gist might sit down upon it when he pleased, as it belonged to him and them to hold good talks on." [15]

15 Haywood's Civil and Political History of Tennessee, 2nd Ed., 503.

There is an interesting romance leading up to this extraordinary expression of friendship for Colonel Gist, the details of which are now lost; but we still have a few fragmentary facts that sufficiently indicate its character. After Colonel Gist returned from the West he abandoned himself to the life of a hunter and explorer. He was the companion and friend of Daniel Boone. They visited the Holston together in 1760; hunted down its south, or main fork; camped at Wolf Hills, where Abingdon, Va., now stands. Here they disagreed and separated, Boone taking the Indian trail leading to Long Island, and Gist following the trail leading to Cumberland Gap.[16] It was on this excursion into East Tennessee that Boone carved on a tree the oft quoted inscription: "D. Boon cilled a bar on this tree in the year 1760"; which I would not again repeat except that it fixes a date important to my story.

Though Gist did not follow Boone to Long Island, he had already seen it and been attracted by its desirable location. It was the most conspicuous point on the Tennessee side of the mountains. As early as 1757 Richard Paris, an Indian trader located on the Holston River, addressed a letter to the Governor of Virginia requesting a grant of the land on Long Island. Instead of going directly to Long Island, Gist continued his journey southwardly until he reached the Cherokee towns on the Little Tennessee River. This appears to me to have been about the time the father of Sequoya must have been at Tuskegee, where his mother lived; and so friendly were Gist's relations with the Indians that they sold him the Long Island of Holston within a year. In his petition to the legislature of Virginia asking them to confirm his Indian title to the same he represents that he obtained it in 1761. This is the origin of his claim to Long Island which called forth the remarkable reservation in the treaty of 1777, to which attention has been drawn.

Gist spent much of his time in the Cherokee Nation for the next sixteen years. He lived with them on terms of the greatest intimacy. He was so much in their confidence at the time of the Cherokee invasion of 1776, that his loyalty to his country was questioned. On July 8, of that year, Jarret Williams informed the Watauga settlers that Alexander Cameron,

16 Summers' Southwest Virginia, p. 83.

a British Indian agent, had determined to send Captain Nathaniel Gist, William Faulen, and Isaac and Jarret Williams with the invading forces for the purpose of finding out and leading over to the Indians any king's men among the inhabitants.[17] Such ready credence was given to Williams' information that the Virginia Council of Safety instructed Colonel William Christian, commander of the expedition against the Overhill towns, to insist on the Cherokees giving up all persons among them who had been concerned in bringing on the war—particularly Stuart, Cameron, and Gist.[18]

It was soon manifest, however, that Colonel Gist was not a British sympathizer. When Colonel Christian reached the Overhill towns Gist surrendered himself a prisoner, and although the inhabitants of Watauga and Holston had been so exasperated against him that his name was rarely mentioned without being coupled with a threat against his life yet Colonel Christian conveyed him through the settlements unmolested, and he proceeded on without further detention, to the headquarters of General Washington.[18]

December 27, 1776, the Continental Congress had resolved to raise sixteen new battalions, and authorized General Washington as commander-in-chief, to nominate and commission the officers of the same. Nathaniel Gist having reached Washington's headquarters January 11, 1777, he was appointed colonel of one of these battalions, and authorized to raise four companies of rangers. For this purpose he was instructed to proceed to the Cherokee or any other nation of Indians, and attempt to procure a number of warriors, not exceeding five hundred, who were to be supplied with arms, blankets, and other necessaries, and, instead of presents, were to receive the same pay as troops in the Continental service.[19]

March 27, Colonel Gist returned to Washington District, bearing letters from the Governor of Virginia to the Cherokee nation, soliciting them to come in in sixty days to treat and confirm the peace.[20] A few of them came in April 20, but nothing definite was done, except an agreement to come in sixty

17 Ramsey's Annals of Tennessee, p. 149
18 Benjamin Sharpe, in American Pioneer, Vol. 2, pp. 237-8.
18 Benjamin Sharpe, in American Pioneer, Vol. 2, pp. 237-8.
19 Sparks' Writings of Washington, Vol. 4, pp. 271-2.
20 Ramsey's Annals of Tennessee, p. 171.

days later to treat and confirm the peace.[21] It was largely through the influence of Colonel Gist, acting under instructions from the Virginia government, that they were induced to attend the treaty of Long Island, July, 1777.[22] In the progress of the treaty the Old Tassel expressed great reluctance to the proposed boundaries, and asked the commissioners to write a letter to General Washington by Colonel Gist [23]; and later in the conference Colonel Christian proposed that some of the Cherokee young men accompany Colonel Gist to Congress and to the army of General Washington,[24] which seventeen of them did.[25]

Now Colonel Gist was living with the Cherokees on terms of intimate friendship, of which they have given the highest proofs, at the time Sequoya was born, about the year 1760. The family tradition that Sequoya was his son becomes almost a certainty when we consider that it was a general, almost a universal practice for white men living, even temporarily, in the nation, to take Indian wives; not, generally, "until death us do part," but during the residence of the husband in the nation; after the manner of the Japanese marriage custom celebrated in Pierre Loti's Madame Chrysanthome. Many soldiers of the garrison of Fort Loudon had Indian wives who, during the siege, furnished them provisions at the risk of their lives; John Watts, father of the distinguished chief of the same name, married a sister of the Old Tassel, and the trader John Benge, progenitor of a less noted warrior, married his niece; General Joseph Martin, while temporarily residing at Echota as Indian agent, married Betsy, daughter of the celebrated Nancy Ward, though he had a wife of his own race back in the settlements; Leonard P. Shaw, memorable as the first United States ethnologist, but not otherwise, married a daughter of an influential warrior called Halfbreed; and Major Robert King, while employed by the government in the nation, lived with a daughter of Scollacutta, and only escaped being killed by jumping through a window, when Captain Beard's party attacked his town. Return J. Meigs, writing in 1816, after fif-

21 Ramsey's Annals of Tennessee, p. 172.
22 Haywood, p. 505; Ramsey, p. 247.
23 Haywood, p. 509.
24 Haywood, p. 10.
25 Records of North Carolina, Vol. 11, p. 608.

teen years intercourse with the Indians, expressed the opinion that almost one-half of the Cherokee nation are of mixed blood by intermarriage with the white people.[26]

I have already stated that we are not constrained to believe Sequoya was the son of a "low adventurer." If Nathaniel Gist shall be accepted as his father, then he will have a sire worthy of his distinguished son. He was a man of character and talents, and belonged to a family that claimed kinship with the great Protector of England. His father has been mentioned in connection with the Ohio Company, and the French and Indian war. His brother, Richard, was in the battle of King's Mountain and fell within twenty-five or thirty steps of the British lines.[27] A grandson of his brother, William, was Governor of South Carolina and signed the ordinance of secession in 1860. His own descendants are allied with the foremost families of Kentucky; his widow married Governor Charles Scott, and a granddaughter was the wife of Governor Luke P. Blackburn; a daughter married United States Senator Jesse Bledsoe, and was the grandmother of Governor B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, Democratic candidate for Vice President in 1872; another daughter married Captain Nat Hart, brother of Mrs. Henry Clay; and still another daughter was the mother of Francis P. Blair, Democratic candidate for Vice President in 1868, and of Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General under President Lincoln.[28]

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26 Niles' Weekly Register, Vol. 10, p. 314.
27 Benjamin Sharpe, in American Pioneer, Vol. 2, pp. 237-8.
28 Filson Club Publications, No. 13, pp. 99-100.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS OF GENERAL STAND WATIE

Edward E. Dale

It was my privilege to publish in the last issue of this magazine some of the correspondence of the great Cherokee leader, General Stand Watie, during the period of the Civil War. It was hoped that these letters would help to give the reader a picture of conditions existing in the Indian Territory during that struggle and would also serve to show the feelings of some of the important leaders and the motives that led them to take the course which they pursued.

The following letters are here offered with the same purpose and may be regarded as merely supplementary to those already published. They all deal with the Civil War or the period immediately following, since Stand Watie's chief claim to distinction, except perhaps with his own people, rests upon his services as an officer of the Confederate army.

The same general plan has been used with regard to the preparation of these letters for publication as was employed with those published in the last issue. The original spelling, capitalization, and punctuation has been retained throughout so far as possible. In only a few cases where lack of punctuation in the original might render the meaning obscure, the editor has taken the liberty to insert a comma or period, or in one or two cases to replace a small letter with a capital.

Since space is limited the notes have purposely been made brief and reduced to the smallest possible number in order that more letters might be printed, than could be done were the notes made numerous and extensive. It has been felt that the letters are the important thing and it seems that after all the greater part of them require little explanation or comment. In consequence notes are given only when they seem absolutely essential and the reader is left at liberty to draw his own conclusions, from the documents themselves.

Written as they were during the crucial years of the Civil War by able Indian leaders who had no thought that their words might be read by later generations, these letters are real History in the truest sense of the word. They are not the story of the past, they are the past itself. In them we may read the hopes and fears and ambitions and disappointments of the

writers and it is confidently believed that their publication will throw some additional light upon the part taken by the Indian Territory in this greatest of American conflicts.

Edward Everett Dale.

E. C. Boudinot[1]
to
Stand Watie

Honey Creek, Oct. 5, 1861.

Dear Uncle,

I went down to see you today but could not get across the river and came back after getting to the bank of the river. I can say by note, however what I wished to say in person. Just as I left Tahlequah Tom Taylor came to me and told me to tell you that he would start for your headquarters Monday next, and then told me that you had promised to have him appointed Lt. Col.[2] I hope there is some mistake about this for of all men I think him least deserving and least fitted for that post; he is as you know a timid flexible wavering unstable speculating politician always ready to profit by the labors of others and selfish to the last degree. You told me in Tahlequah if I would go with you you would do a good part by me. **I am willing and anxious to go with you** and as you have it in your power to do a good part by me, and thinking without vanity, that I deserve something from your hands I venture to ask from you either the Lt. Col. or the Major's place. I do not wish the post of Adjutant or any other than one of the two I have named. If any accident, which God forbid, should happen to you so that another would have to take your place, you will see the importance of having some one in respectable position to keep the power you now have from passing into unreliable hands.

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1 Elias Cornelius Boudinot was Stand Watie's nephew. He was born in 1835, received a good education and became a lawyer and newspaper man. Though a Cherokee he lived for the greater part of his life in Arkansas and in Washington. He was a man of great ability and ambition and became very prominent in Cherokee affairs.

2 When the Civil War broke out the Confederate States sent General Albert Pike to the Indian Territory to sign treaties of alliance with the various Indian tribes there. The Cherokee refused to sign and sought to maintain neutrality. Pike, therefore, went on to the other tribes with whom he made treaties, at the same time keeping up correspondnce with that portion of the Cherokee tribe which favored the South. At the time this letter was written Pike had just returned to the Cherokee country and October 2nd to 7th, signed at Park Hill, treaties of alliance with the Osage, Seneca, Shawnee, Quapaw and Cherokee. These treaties may be found in Official Records of the Rebellion, Fourth Series, Vol. I, pp.635-687.

John Ross and you are rivals, he has appointed his nephew Lt. Col. intent on keeping a foothold in the military organization; perhaps my appointment would give dissatisfaction to some, a great many no doubt want, and some expect it, but you can't please all and I hope you will judge as your own feelings dictate. I have been a dray horse for Tom Taylor and others like him ever since I figured in the Nation. I have made sacrifices for them continually while they got all the pay. You have it in your power now to put me in a position where I can do honor to myself and to you. Will you not give it to me? Send your answer by the boy. I will go to Fayetteville and if your answer is favorable I will purchase some things you will need, and return next week.[3]

As ever
Your Nephew
Cornelius

P. S. Destroy this as soon as you have read it.
B.

J. L. Martin
to
Stand Watie
Boggy, Sept. 22nd, 1863.
Dear Col.

I have just returned to this place. I have been looking out a place to move our people.[4] I have found a exelent place for them down on the Blue Creek about twenty miles from Nales Mill. And about ten miles above the mouth of Said Creek, there are plenty of water with good timber and summer and winter range large Boddies of good Cane, and to all appearances a healthy location. I shall commence moving our people about thursday. Genl. Steele promised me he would Furlough all the Soldiers who had families and friends to take care of to build

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3 Apparently Boudinot was successful in his plea as he became a Major in Stand Watie's regiment. It seems that political life was more to his liking than military life, however, as he later was elected as Delegate to the Confederate Congress at Richmond. His chief service to the Cherokee, therefore, was in his work at the Confederate capital.
See O'Beirne, The Indian Territory, p. 115 for a brief sketch of Boudinot.

4 The Cherokee and Creeks were both divided at the outbreak of the Civil War some favoring the North although both tribes had made treatics of alliance with the South. Late in 1861 and early in 1862 the loyal Indians were defeated in battle and driven north to Kansas where they spent the remainder of that winter and the following one in refugee camps. In the spring of 1863, however, the tide turned. Col. William A. Phillips was appointed to the com-

houses.[5] I was going up to the Regt. but am unwell. and Genl. Steele I learn is at Bonham and will pass this way So I have concluded to wait here till he comes along. I shall use every endeavor to carry out the Bill of Ordinance and make our people as comfortable as possible. This business is perplexing indeed owing to the way I have to draw my supply. I have to keep the people reconsiled by a great many promises we only draw half Rations. I do hope that when we get settled down on the Blue Creek we will be Permitted to draw our Rations from Texas then we can give the people full Rations etc etc. I have understood that J. M. Bryan has got permission to Rase 100 (hundred men) as partisan rangers and he expects to get a good many men from the first and second Cherokee Regts this I believe to be true. Col. Adair and I talked about it and he and I concluded it would be a good policy to grant no Transfers. Bryan also said that this family party would have to be put down and that as for Jack Spears he was not fit to be Chief over a gang of Prairie Woolves all this came from men who wont lie men who heard him say it. Johnson Foreman is also cutting up so I learn but all this cutting up of Bryan's and Foremans will amount to nothing If we stick all together please tell Capt. Spears that I say that I am willing to serve under him as Chief. Altho Bryan says he aint fit to Rule over a gang of woolves. I had hoped that all partyism had ceased and still hope that it will be the case.[6] I have a letter for Capt. Spears it is from Nevarro Co. Texas. I expect it is from his wife I will send it up by hand don't you think it would be a good Idea to have an act passed in Council autherising a Committy to sit upon Clames to have all our losses Regestered, the time is growing long and a great many people are dying and getting killed so that we will not be able after while to get at the losses of the people correctly. If such should be the case that a Com-

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mand of Indian Territory and the Western District of Arkansas by the North. He invaded the Indian Territory and captured Fort Gibson in April. The result was that almost the entire Cherokee Nation fell into the hands of the North. Fort Smith was taken early in September and the Southern Indians now became refugees and remained so during the rest of the war. Some of them went to Texas, others to the Choctaw country. It was some of these non-combatants for whom Martin was seeking a place to live where they would be safe from the North.

5 Indian Territory had been made a separate military district late in 1862 by the Confederacy and placed under the command of General William Steele. See Official Records, First Series Vol. XXII, Part I, pp. 28 and 36.

6 As a matter of fact "partyism" never ceased in the Cherokee Nation. During the entire war and for long after, the adherents of Stand Watie were constantly quarrelling and bickering among themselves.

mitty is appointed I would Suggest that Col. Adair be one of the Committy and if it would suit I should like to be one also I will talk to Col. Bell and give him my views more particular on the subject.

I have not heard one word from Boudenot and Bell I am looking for them every day.

I am anxious to go home to visit my family I had a letter from them all well at the time they wrote. Lucy has lost her little Boy he died 30 July—the health of the Refugees is improving.

Yours most Respectfully
J. L. Martin.

Thomas F. Anderson
to
Mrs. Stand Watie
Camp near North Fork, Oct. 27th 1863.

Mrs. S. Watie.

Dear Aunt Sallie.[7] The Colonel started on a Scout Yesterday with a crowd of Cherokee, Creeks, Chickasaws and white vagabonds and Border Ruffians and with reasonable luck will return after having burnt up Gibson. Genl. Cooper had started sometime ago to Fort Smith to give the Feds a fight there and now, since Genl. Steele has got up with him, they will probably leave nothing of the enemy but a greasy spot. The Cherokees were sent up here to keep the dogs off and since we came here, a few straggling Chickasaws and Creeks have got into our camp to get something to eat and the Colonel no doubt having in mind the Scripture injunction that man should eat his bread in the sweat of his face concluded that the best thing he could do with them was to take them along with him and make them sweat. We are looking for news from Cooper every hour.

You will receive by Mr. Matlock, a Bedstead, Table, some Chairs, 1 sack of Coffee, some soap, candles, pepper, Rice and

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7 The writer of this letter was Stand Watie's Adjutant and close friend. He apparently had no Indian blood as his own family lived east of the Mississippi, yet he served during the entire war with the Cherokees. It seems that he was not related in any way to Mrs. Watie, the "Aunt Sallie" being merely a friendly use of the name by which she was often called by friends and neighbors. Anderson was a gallant soldier, of good education with an unlimited fund of wit and good humor which constantly overflows his letters. As we shall see he was later sent by Stand Watie on a mission to the east of the Mississippi to procure supplies and medicines.

Desiciated Mixed Vegetables.[8] This latter article is intended to season soup with though I believe that the article itself will make very good soup as the Boys say that they find it composed of hindlegs of bullfrogs, Snails, Screwworms, etc.

There is also an ammuinition Box full of such delicasies & 1 Bot. Vinegar sent by Major Thompson to his wife to be left in your care until you have an opportunity of sending this to her.

The Col. & Saladin are both in good health.[9] Not so with me. I have been in bad health for sometime. The Doctor lays it to eating spoilt victuals which is very probable as we have now at our mess Four (4) Female Cooks and you know what they say too many of them will do. I would send names but as they have no doubt been duly reported before now, I forbear.

Capt. Mayes sends his respects, and I beg you to believe me, when I say it in all sincerity that nothing would give me more sincere pleasure, than the assurance of being held in esteem by you, not so much according to reports as according to my true deserts.

Please send my Sabre belt which I left at your house.

Should anything important occur, during the Colonel's absence I will send you intelligence forthwith.

Your Obdt. Servt.
Thos. F. Anderson.

E. L. Compere [10]
to
Stand Watie

Copick County, Miss.
Oct. 3rd 1864.

Gen Stand Watie,

Sir, We arrived two weeks ago in Miss. swamps and have not crossed the supplies yet. Everything would have been over and going west by this time, but for the vigilance of the enemy.

8 No doubt a part of the spoil of one of Stand Watie's lucky captures. The "Cooper" here referred to was Douglas H. Cooper formerly Indian agent for the Choctaws and Chickasaws and later appointed to the command of the Southern district of Indian Territory. He was one of the best known Southern military leaders among the Indians.

9 Saladin was the oldest son of General and Mrs. Watie. He was hardly more than a boy at this time but was a brave and able soldier.

10 Compere was Chaplain of one of the Cherokee regiments and had been sent East to secure supplies. The letter needs no explanation if the reader will remember that the Mississippi had been opened throughout its course by the North as a result of the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson more than a year before. The supplies referred to were probably manufactured goods of various kinds. There was plenty of food west of the Mississippi in some sections but other supplies were sometimes very scarce and in a great measure must come from east of the river.

He has been so active for a few days that we have been afraid to stir with the goods. Had the teams been in readiness by the appointed time everything would have been crossed without the least difficulty and before now would have been to their destination. The country was kept perfectly quiet up to the very river banks, till just about the time we arrived.

This detention and probable loss for the want of transportation leads me to suggest the importance of providing a special train for transportation of the goods which I may collect. Acting under orders as I am, approved by Gen. Smith it is certainly the duty of your Q. Master to provide this train.[11] Perhaps, however it might be well for the Cherokee people themselves to purchase a few wagons and teams, to be put in charge of Lt. McLendon for this purpose.

The Lt. has been permanently detailed to co-operate with me, and I request that you have such a Train provided for him or that you authorize him and furnish him funds to provide the Train himself. * * * You see the importance of this matter.

Being sent off without any funds I borrowed from Mr. Wood the sum of $700 seven hundred dollars old issue for incidental expenses. * * * which I assured him you would see paid, and which Lt. McLendon will report to you as to how it is expended etc.

As soon as the supplies are over I will go immediately to Alabama and Georgia and hope it will not be long till I collect another lot. However the winter months being on us now very soon I cannot operate as successfully as I did the first time. Still I think there is no doubt but I will have on hand as large a lot as I now have, by the time the Lt. can get back. As soon then as he can get a Train I hope he will return.

I hope Adjt. Anderson will communicate with me by mail on reception of this.[12] Send to care Rev. F. Courtney, Mt. Lebanon, La.—and he will forward to me.

Yrs. Truly,
E. L. Compere
Chap. 2nd Cher.

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11 General E. Kirby Smith was in command of the Trans-Mississippi Division.

12 Apparently it had already been decided to send Anderson to co-operate with Compere in gathering supplies. Medicines and cotton cards were particularly needed by the refugees, as many of them were sick and those who were well wished to employ as much time as possible in spinning and weaving both for themselves and for the soldiers in the field.

P. S. I have found it necessary to borrow besides the $700.00 from Mr. Wood—$300.00 old issue from the funds in my possession belonging to Missionaries. Please refund to Lt. McLendon $200.00 new issue. He will turn over to the proper agents of the Board.[13]

Most of the funds will be consumed in ferriage over the Miss. River. What is left I will have in hand to commence my purchases with.

E. L. C.
Oct. 19th.

Thomas F. Anderson
to
Stand Watie

Verandah Hotel
Shreveport Dec. 16th, 1864.

General.

I wanted to give you some news, before I left Shreveport, but as yet, I can only send you enclosed Gazette & Extra. Persons who ought to be able to form a tolerable correct opinion, seem to be hopeful and think, that even should Sherman succeed in reaching the Coast, he will do so in a very crippled condition.[14]

The Delegation had an interview Yesterday with Genl. Smith and got everthing arranged satisfactorily and without difficulty. They as well as myself are now waiting for necessary papers and as today is a day of general fasting and prayer all offices are closed and business suspended and we will have to wait patiently for what tomorrow may bring forth.[15]

I will see Col. Anderson to morrow and after seeing him I will complete my letter as I may then have something to write about.

Please take care of Jake for me and make him see to the old Horse good and not ride him unnecessarily as I want his back to heal up good.[16]

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13 Lieutenant McLendon had been detailed to aid Chaplain Compere in gathering and transporting supplies. Compere did not like him and this may have been one reason why Adjutant Anderson was sent.

14 General Sherman occupied Savannah four days after this letter was written with his army in the best of condition, having suffered almost no loss in the long march from Atlanta.

15 The fortunes of the Confederacy were growing desperate and this day had been set apart as one of fasting and prayer throughout the South by proclamation of President Davis.

16 The "Jake" referred to was probably a negro slave of Anderson's.

Dec. 18th, 1864.

Genl. I got my papers last night, but too late to enable me to get off untill tomorrow morning as the office of the Depository was shut up. At the rate of $35.00 a day for man & Horse, not including necessary bitters, it makes a mans pile grow beautifully less every day.[17]

I got only One Thousand Dollars here for myself & Walker as they are nearly out of money, but expect that I can, without much difficulty, get more on the other side of the River, whenever I may need it, otherwise I have everything satisfactory as I am not trammeled with orders or instructions and was given to understand that I had to paddle my own canoe.

I will do my best to return at the earliest date, though I fear that on my return, the River will be very full and this side perhaps overflowed.

One of the Chief reasons why our Division is not properly supplied, seems to be that necessary reports are not duly forthcoming. And as they can only have such reports to furnish them the necessary knowledge of us, it stands us in hand to make every officer come up to the mark in furnishing the same promptly. It is not right, that the men should suffer from the consequences of the neglect of duty of our officers.

The Wagons containing the supplies got together by Parson Compere, ought by this time to have reached their destination as they left here, sometime ago. Please secure Blank Books for our Brigade as there is a lot of them with these Wagons for Maj. Vore.

I would much desire to receive a letter from you. Please direct to me at Liberty Miss. care Landon L. Lea Esq. as he will know where to find me at all times. put 40 cents postage on it and send by Shreveport post office. And above all things, please see that the papers in my office are kept straight.

With my sincerest wishes for the prosperity of yourself & Family, believe me, Genl,

Your friend & Obt Servt

Thos. F. Anderson.
Adj.

To Genl Stand Watie.

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17 The thirty-five dollars a day was the cost of board and lodging for man and horse—in Confederate money of course.

Thomas F. Anderson
to
Stand Watie
Near Castor Post Office [18]
Caldwell Parish La Dec 26th 1864.

General,

After heading innumerable Bayous and going about 40 miles a day to make 10 miles actual headway, we have got to this point, where we have stopped for the day, in order to have a new axle tree put into a waggon belonging to the Signal Corps on Black River. This waggon has been of material service to us carrying our plunder and will go on to the camp of the Signal Corps below Trinity, Nearly every Bridge has been swept away and since leaving Shreveport, John and myself have got to be amphibious animals. Had it not been for a certain Bottle, containing a quantity of Texas Bois d'arc we would often have stuck in the mud and the prospect for a Christmas Eggnog this evening is very promising.

We aim to cross the Mississippi at Jacksons point below Natchez. I will endeavor to send you a letter after I am safe on the other side.

No news of any kind. Please write to me and direct to Liberty Miss. care of Landon L. Lea Esq. He will know my whereabouts and will forward to me.

I beg to be remembered to Your family and believe me, Genl,

Your most Obt Servt.

Brig. Genl.
Stand Watie

Thos. J. Anderson.

Chapey a ne Chis
to
Chief of the Creek Nation
Cherokee Town Feby. 21st 1865.[19]

To the Chief and Head men
of the Creek Nation.

Friends & Brothers,

We have lately been visited by the Prairie Indians, Co-

18 Anderson was now about a hundred miles east and a little south of Shreveport and about fifty miles from where he expected to cross the Mississippi south of Natchez.

19 Several tribes of Plains Indians in the western part of the Indian Territory had made treaties of alliance with General Pike at the outbreak of the Civil War. They had done little to help the South, however, and as the for-

manches, Kiowa's and Arapahoes. As soon as they arrived at our Camp they requested our Agent to send an express to the Chiefs of the Confederate Nation and invite them to come to this place and meet them in Council, he did so, they waited several days but no one coming they have returned to their camps. They were anxious to see you all and expressed disappointment at your not coming to see them, We can assure you our Brothers of the Friendship of our Red Brothers of the Prairie. The Comanche Chiefs who visited us, says, that they made a Treaty with Genl. Pike on behalf of the South but still wished to be friendly with the North but early last spring they were called to a Council of the Northern Red men. In that Council Jesse Chisholm acted as Interpreter for the Comanches.[20] Several speeches were made some in favor of peace some for war on the South and Texas. The Chief of the Tahaccarros made a strong war speech. The Comanche Chief spoke last. He told them that here in Council was assembled Creeks, Chicasaws, Cherokees, Seminoles and others who all had friends and relatives in the South and he thought that the men who made these speeches for war, had been drinking strong water and were drunk for he did not think that sober men would propose to war on their friends and brothers. In this Council Jessee Chisholm opposed making war and said all these people in the South were his friends so the Council broke up without concluding to make war on the South. Sometime after this Council was held The Commanches Kiowas and other Prairie Indians were called to another Council by some white men, Northern Officers, at which place they had a large amount of goods as presents to the Indians also a large number of guns and ammunition. The Officers told them that they would give them all these goods and guns if they would make war on the

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tunes of the Confederacy grew more and more desperate the Northern officers on the border sought to point out the situation to the Plains tribes and to detach them from their alliance with the Confederates. This letter from the second chief of the Comanches to the chief and head men of the Creeks, and which the latter then sent to Stand Watie, is interesting as showing the conditions existing among the wild Indians of western Oklahoma as the Civil War drew to a close.

20 Jesse Chisholm was a Cherokee Indian trader and one of the best known characters of the Southwest. He was born in Tennessee in 1806, his father being a Scotchman and his mother a Cherokee. He came to the West when hardly more than a boy, married a Creek woman and engaged in trade with the western tribes. He was said to speak fourteen different Indian languages and in consequence was often called upon to act as interpreter. He accompanied Pike as guide when the latter came to Indian Territory in 1861 but later was to be found among the refugees of the North on the border of Kansas. Chisholm was very influential among the Plains Indians. He died in 1868. The Chisholm Trail was probably named for him.

South, he told them to kill all the men and boys and take the women and children prisoners and drive off all the cattle and horses and when they returned from their expedition they must give up the white women and girls but the Indian women should be theirs also all the mules and horses, the cattle they would buy from them. When the White Captain was done speaking the Commanche Chief spoke; he told them he had friends and brothers in the South and he would not make war on them, He said that he had made a Treaty with Pike and he held out one hand to the North and one to the South. He would not strike either unless he was struck first. The white Captain then told him if he would not help to fight the south he should not have the guns. The Commanche chief then said that he would do without the guns that he still had his bow and arrows and with them he could Kill buffaloe and live on the Prairie. It maybe proper here to say that Chisholm was Interpreter at this Council and advised the Indians not to listen to the Northern men's bad talk. The Council broke up; few goods and no guns were given to them; afterwards they refused to let the Indians trade with their suttlers this soon resulted in a fight since then several battles have been fought.

There is a perfect estrangement between these people and the North and they may now be relied on as true friends to the South. They are now encamped in the vicinity of the Antelope Hills some Fifty or Sixty miles north west of Fort Cobb.

My Friend and Brothers none of the other Chiefs are here but I send the words as they were told me by our wild Brothers.

Your Friend & Brother
Chapey a ne Chis
Second Chief Commanches.

Tuckabatcho Micco
to
Stand Watie
At Council on Washita River
Mch 11, 65

Genl.

The within is a letter from the 2nd Chief of the Commanches the purport of which shows their feeling towards us.

I wrote a letter a short time since to Col John Drew stating to him to forward the same to you after reading it—if you have received it you will please attend to the matter referred to in it.[21]

Your friend
Tuckabatcho Micco
Princ. Chief.

Stand Watie
to
Tuckabatcho Micco
Headquarters Indian Division
Boggy Depot C. N.
March 19th 1865.

Tuck,a.batch,ee. Micco
Pl. Chief Creek Nation,
Friend,

The letter from the 2nd Chief of the Commanchee Tribe of Indians dated Feb. 21st/65 with your note on the same, dated march 11th/65 has been received. In reply can assure you that it is a source of great pleasure and satifaction to me, to hear of the friendly diposition, manifested by our red Brothers of the prairie and hope soon to see that perfect understanding and good will established among all the red brethren of the South West. The letter you mention of having written to Col. Jno. Drew, and requesting him to forward the same to me did not come to hand, but I received a letter a short time previous from the Confederate States Agent for the Reserve Indians, stating in substance that the Prairie Indians had come to their camps and expressed a wish for a meeting of Delegates from the Confederate Indian Nations. On receipt of said letter I immediately notified the General, commanding the Indian Territory, who is "Ex Officio," Superintendant of Indian Affairs and who thereupon appointed Maj Vore Q. M. of the Confederate Army to proceed to the place designated and have an interview with them but on his arrival there he found the Prairie Indians had already left, and nothing more can now be done only to wait until the 15th day of May the next day appointed according to the agreement, of the different delegates,

21 Colonel Drew was one of the best known Southern military leaders among the Cherokee. "Tuckabatcho Micco" was Principal Chief of the Creeks.

who were appointed last summer for that purpose,[22] when a General Council of All the Tribes of Indians, in friendly relations with the Southern Confederacy, will meet for the purpose of entering into a closer combination, and a more intimate acquaintance of the relations which shall hereafter govern their intercourse with each other and also to adopt a plan, for a united and more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the War, in which we are engaged, a unity of action, that when we strike it may be felt * * * until we shall obtain peace, on terms which we can with honor, accept.

Respectfully,
Your friend
Stand Watie.
Pl. Chief.

James L. Butler
to
Stand Watie
Mount Pleasant, Titus Co. Texas.
July 13th, 1865.

Brig. Genl. Stand Watie,

Dear Sir, I have the honor to inform you, That I am still in the land of the living, Since the Surrender of the C. S. Army my spirits have been so low that I did not wish to see my Old Officers Knowing that they were in low spirits. I do hope you will succeed in doing something for the Southern Cherokees for some of them are in great need and some who call themselves C. S. are not entitled to respect from any one as they have never done one thing only to slander the defenders of the Cher Nat. I have found out many of them since I left your Command, & will recollect them. I left your Command not wishing to implicate or bring my friends in to a difficulty that was my own and one I was able to settle myself. As I wrote to Bill Alberty that the Cherokees Knew that Jim Butler needed no one to help him to meet one man.

Should you succeed in getting our rights in the Cher. Nat. Please recollect me and family For I expect to live in the Cher.

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22 Before that date came General Lee had surrendered and the war was virtually over.

Nat. yet. I think it will take about one year to run the Pins out and then Jim Butler can ride up to Maysville in safety and pay my respects to his old Commander.[23]

If you will speak to the bearer of this letter Hon. Henry Jones or Judge Grey, all of this county, no doubt they would furnish some Rations for the destitute Cherokees as they have influence in this county. I am here and would attend to it for the said destitute. They are abusing the kindness shown to the true Cherokees—Bill Alberty Jim McKay John Drew, Sam Taylor Clem Haney, such men drawing rations as destitute when the poor are suffering for something to eat.

Traitors Cowards Villains should be set opposite each of their names, I expect to live in Texas one year Then return to Grand River, Where I hope to enjoy your company.

Your true friend,
James L. Butler.

J. W. Washbourne
to
J. A. Scales

Little Rock, Arks.
June 1st, 1866

Dear Scales:

Our matters are going smoothly in Washington. By the 10th and 14th I learned that Rollin Ridge had arrived.[24] He was immediately elected Chief of the Delegation. He is recognized by the Government as the loyal chief of the Ridge Party. Ross had relapsed and was expected to die tho he was alive the 22 ult.[25] The Ross delegation has been dismissed by the Commissioner because they would not agree to a division.

Ridge, Adair, Fields, and Boudinot, with Fuller and Worhee had an interview with the President. They are all in high spirits.

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23 The "rights" referred to are the rights of the Southern Indians. The Pins were the Indians who had sided with the North. This letter illustrates very well the factional feeling and strife prevalent among the Cherokee at the close of the war. The Southern Cherokee were so torn by quarrels among themselves as to render any concerted action well-nigh impossible.

24 John Rollin Ridge who had been in California since about 1849. He was a Cherokee poet, and literary man who had killed a member of the Ross party in the Cherokee country and fled from the Nation. He was a cousin of Stand Watie and a man of brilliance and excellent education.

25 He died two months later or August 1st.

The President has ordered that a treaty be made with us for our pro rata share of the nation.[26] **This is positive.** On the 22d May they were drawing up the treaty. It is probably signed before this.

Ross is going to try to beat us in the Senate. His only show is what it was when you left. He will be beaten there. He is trying to make public sentiment through the N. Y. Tribune. Rollin has answered it in a scorching reply and went himself to see Greeley, of the Tribune, about its publication. Ross will be beaten there. His day is done. Ours is rising fast and bright. **We will get all we asked for,** with, perhaps, not so much money. I have been appointed to write to Gen. Watie to urge him at once to organize the Southern Cherokee Government in the Canadian District. In God's name be swift about it. Let Gen. Watie issue his proclamation in the Canadian District declaring the existence of the Southern Cherokee Nation, and calling upon the Southern Cherokees **all of them,** whereever they are, to hasten to the Canadian District and there hold election for members of Council, Committee, Judges and all the officers of the Government of the Southern Cherokees. Hurry this up. I write this to you, because I want you to know, to act, and because I want it got to Gen. Watie as soon as possible.

Organize the Government as soon as it can be done. **You will be protected against any interference.**

Send this letter to Gen. Watie as **soon as possible.**

Yours truly,
J. W. Washbourne.

Capt. J. A. Scales,
Cherokee Delegate.

J. W. Washbourne
to
J. A. Scales
Steamer "America" June 20, 1866.

Dear Scales,

Don't neglect to have the Southern Cherokee Government organized **Immediately.** Have it done by all means, even should

26 Two delegations of Cherokees had appeared in Washington, one representing the Northern or Ross faction and one representing the Southern or Stand Watie and the Ridge faction. The latter hoped to form a separate nation and to have a share of the Cherokee country set aside for them that they might be entirely separate from the Northern Cherokee. This letter would indicate that they had high hopes of the success of their plans. J. W. Washbourne was a son of Rev. Cephas Washbourne, Superintendent of Dwight Mission, and was in close touch with the delegation of the Southern Cherokees in Washington.

Gen. Watie's Proclamation not be able, in time, to collect a thousand voters. Organize it with a few hundred votes if you can't get more, or **less**, but organize, and **afterward** we will settle elections again.

We have won the day and delay **must not** be suffered to endanger our work.[27] Ross is appealing, lamely, I admit, but still appealing to the sympathies of the Radicals and the ignorant. He will **appeal also** to the sympathies of the ignorant Cherokees. He is an artful man and tho' he is personally powerless, he can work through agents, as you and I know to our cost. I entreat you as a representative of the Cherokee South to lay all this before Gen. Watie, our Chief. I write to you for that purpose. Don't let any delay avoidable hinder the organization. Preserve the copy of this and my other letters, as public record.

I shall return to the Rock soon.

Yours truly,
Washbourne.

Saladin Watie
to
Stand Watie
At Home. Near Breebs Town C. N.
Novem. 16th 1867.

Dear, Father

I will start my waggons with the Boys to-morrow to assist you in moving.[28] I have just got home from the Falls, where I have been for two weeks hauling rock and boards, to finish my house. I also got in nearly all of Uncle Jims corn and some of my own.[29] I would have finished in one week more if I had

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27 Some of the leaders of the Southern Cherokee worked desperately to bring about a division of the tribe but all to no purpose. In spite of their high hopes a treaty was at last made in which the Cherokee people were left as one nation.

28 Saladin was the oldest son of Stand Watie. He had entered the army with his father when only fifteen years of age and had served with him throughout the war. He was a gallant soldier and when the war closed gave promise of becoming one of the foremost leaders among the Cherokees but died in 1868 when only twenty-one years of age. This letter is interesting as giving a picture of life in the Indian Territory soon after the close of the war. It shows that the Cherokee leaders took up civil life again gladly and set to work to rebuild their homes that had been destroyed, and to develop their almost ruined country.

29 Col. J. M. Bell, Mrs. Stand Watie's brother.

not have had to send the waggon off—Since you left, I and Charles has not been idle, but a part of our work was of no benefit to us. We cut a large amt. of hay, and it was all burned up a few days ago.

I think we have got along very well; have had plenty to eat, except for the last week or so we have been out of meat, that was in my absence. I will go out and buy a good beef from some Choctaw tomorrow, and better than all mama has grown to be stout and healthy. She steps about like some young sixteen year old girl. All of our horses are in good fix, the mule, Peet, has been found. The cattle is doing very well so mama tells me. I have not seen them since I come back. I swaped my horse Bill off for a match to my Kitchen, horse, the finest looking span of horses in this country. Charles started to leave Ft. Smith with a load of hides and went by the Falls and I stoped him to finish the halling I would have had it done in case I had not sent the waggons off so soon. The wheel steers are very poor but in good working condition and very stout, for they have had plenty of corn to eat, all that is necessary is to see they are well fed, and they will pull all you can put on the waggon. If I was in your place I would much rather buy an ox team than any other kind, to bring the larger waggons you have, for oxen is ready sale, should you be compelled to sell them, and you can keep them with less expence than mules or horses. I think you ought to be able to buy steers at twenty dollars a head, young and broke cattle, and they will bring you thirty two ½ dollars here (Green Backs) as you can sell them for beef. I wish I was down to help you. I know I could be so much help in getting up your stock and bringing it out. I think you will bring a good lot of hogs. Make Watica see to the five hogs I got from Stewart.[30] If you should need me and Charles and the waggon send us word by Stand Benge, or Watica and we will go down and give you all the help we are able—Mama authorizes me to say that we can very well do without old Sall and Mrs. Squirrel. We are all anxious to see you all roll in. Don't let any one ride my mare and have good care taken of her for I hope she will be able to ride up to Grand River when you get back with her. Be sure and get my mule from Buf-

30 Watica was Stand Watie's youngest son. He was only a boy at this time. Later he was sent to school at Cane Hill, Arkansas but died within a few years.

fington and also have Watica and Stand Benge to get two Sows from him and half their increase for two years, but I will be satisfied if they only get the two which Boudinot let him have; I have given Boudinot credit for the mule and the two hogs, and if you don't attend to getting them for me I will be eighty dollars looser for Boudinot has given me hints enough if I did not get them I would not get anything. My house is getting going up very fast now. I think you will be after me for a trade when you see it and of course I will trade with you, for I would rather see you live in such a house than to do so my-self it would be more pleasure to me than anything in the world to see you and mama in a good comfortable house.

Nothing more just now make Uncle Charles write to me, for he can tell me about every thing and the place. You cant imagine how anxious we are to hear from you all. If Watica was not so much help in driving stock I would insist you would send him back to satisfy our thirst for news from the place.

From Your Son
Saladin Watie.

P. S.

It is with sorrow that I am called on to inform you of the death of our ill fated relative John R. Ridge he died at his place of residence in California some time in September last also the report of Lizzie's death has been confirmed. Foster Bell too came to an untimely end, as I suppose you have already herd, by some cowardly devil who waylayed and murdered him for what little money he was supposed to have had. It took place some where in the Choctaw Nation and it is reported here, that Johnson Thomas and Tuck Rider was the perpertrators of the bloody deed, if it proves to be the case it will be the duty of Uncle Jim to report it to the Principal Chief, and demand them. They are both Cherokees and I suppose it would come under the jurisdiction of our court. I do not think the relatives of the illfated youth, ought to stop until the murderers are caught and brought to justice, and to give such mean devils Justice, I dont know how it could well be done unles it was given to me to decide. And I am pretty certain should it be the case they would meet with their deserts—Write and send your letter to North Fork—Creek Nation.

From Your Son
Saladin Watie.

THE FLIGHT OF THE KICKAPOOS

This friendly, though exceedingly cunning, tribe was one of the principle actors in a bit of war history which, for its unique combination of ludicrous and serious aspects of those troublous times, has scarcely an equal. It has never been recorded, so far as I know, and it may furnish an hour's reading to those who are at present interested in their future destiny. They have, up to this time, held out against all the wiles brought to bear to induce them to take their lands in severalty and allow their white brother to settle as next door neighbor. This tribe, once numerous, now numbers scarce three hundred and fifty people and their little reservation, skirted on the south by the fertile North Canadian Valley and on all sides completely surrounded by white settlements and is reckoned one of the finest bodies of land in the Territory. It affords magnificent timber reserves from which the wild game has never been driven out and, to those who know the Indian's love of the chase, it is not a matter of wonder that they are so reluctant to yield their title to such an ideal Indian paradise.

Not long ago, the majority of the Kickapoos, in council, surrendered to the inevitable and called for their allotments. Major Moses Neal, who was once their agent and whom they have learned to trust as a friend, is now among them allotting to them their homes in severalty. Some of them, however, are holding out stubbornly against the new order of things and recently sent a delegation to the Great Father at Washington to ask his interference. To their confiding natures it did not seem possible that the Great White Chief could not help them, as they found to be the case, so they, too, will yield at length and sell their surplus lands, since it must be so.

The Kickapoo tribe was settled near the Pottawatomies of Kansas at the outbreak of the Civil War and, like many others partaking of their simple nature, were almost frightened to death at the first clash of arms between their northern and southern white brothers. Under the influence of such feelings entertained naturally, they were easily persuaded by their medicine men that the day of doom had come for those

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Note—This narrative appeared in a local newspaper called The Light, which was published at Rush Springs. It was published in 1892. The name of the writer was not given but there is reason to believe that the facts as related were probably given to the editor by the late John Coyle, of Rush Springs, who was living in that region at the time of the incidents thus described and who was therefore conversant with the circumstances.

who remained so near the seat of conflict and that every man, woman and child would be murdered unless saved by flight to the mountains. Here only, they thought they could find safety. So, in their dire extremity, the band chiefs were brought together with the principal chiefs in council. After several days, they decided upon the mountain fastnesses of the then untroubled Mexico. In short, they decided that there was nothing to do but run for it, and the distance to those strongholds did not seem to shake their resolution in regard to the matter. Their councils were held so secretly that even the ever watchful Indian agent knew nothing of their plans until they had been put into execution. Thus it was, on a moonlit night toward the close of the balmy May of 1861, every man, woman and child of the Kickapoo tribe gathered their effects and set off southward over the blooming plains of Kansas, taking such arms as they had, among which were a few guns.

They traveled the entire night and so swiftly that they were many miles from their reservation at dawn. A small detachment of troops was hastily equipped and started in pursuit, but the hesitation on account of the danger of leaving the post too weak to resist an outbreak of other tribes, which everywhere was threatened or suspected in that unsettled period, and the delay in attending the preparation for such an expedition, gave the crafty tribesmen who headed the Kickapoos many miles the start. The sparse settlements in Kansas and illimitable miles of the Indian Territory, through which their course lay, made it very difficult and extremely hazardous for the pursuers. The fugitives therefore had no trouble with the pursuers, for they never were overtaken.

They swept like a cyclone, southward over the plains, and so terrific was the impetus given by the fear incited in them and the madness by which they were controlled, that they became veritable demons, before whom nothing human could stand. The Comanches were met in force and were brushed out of their way as so much chaff in the winding pathway of the whirlwind. At that time, the Comanches were reckoned to be the fiercest and most warlike of all western Indians, but the terrified Kickapoos were then still more fierce, for they saw nothing but death behind them and, with the desperation

of madness and with a singleness of purpose that is so characteristic of the Indian, they pressed on toward the mountains of refuge.

It must not be understood that thy spent every moment in flight, for that would not have been humanly possible and the long march to Mexico would therefore appear less marvelous. In their haste to leave the reservation, they had made no preparation in the way of food for the journey and, indeed, could have carried but little anyway. On this account, they employed scouting parties, in front as well as on the right and left, and these scouting parties were used also for the purpose of securing game as well as to prevent ambush or surprise from their enemies, for they reckoned upon having no friends in the country through which they should pass and they dreaded nothing so much as capture and return to their reservation. Determined not to be overtaken by pursuers, they were equally determined not to be caught in a trap which, if laid by soldiers, meant capture or death and, if laid by Indians, signified, to them, nothing short of extermination. They were mounted upon Indian ponies, the fleetest and most enduring of all horses. The skyline was patrolled at every mile as they advanced, thus keeping a good part of them in the saddle continually. The hardships thus endured would have overwhelmed a less hard and less determined race.

When they reached Red River, they had only accomplished about one-fourth of their long journey. Here they met new enemies and new difficulties. The Texas Rangers, then regarded as the best horsemen and the most daring fighters in the West, lay along their path throughout the entire distance across the imperial state. The Rangers had, by this time, been made aware of their presence and, not doubting but that they were on a marauding expedition, set to work at once to meet and overcome them. A large troop of the Texas Frontier Guard, as the state militia was then called, was put in motion to intercept them. The commander placed but a poor estimate upon the fighting qualities of the Kickapoos, who had hitherto been known as the friendliest tribe that had ever visited Texas. Indeed, the Kickapoos had not engaged in warfare of any character for many years. They had frequently visited the white settlements, offering in barter all classes of furs and hides in exchange for such commodi-

ties as could be secured only from the whites. When a band of white settlers, which had been formed to follow the invading Comanches or Kiowas, would come suddenly or unexpectedly upon a camp of Kickapoos, the latter would run from their camp to meet them, shouting at the top of their voices, "Kickapoos! Kickapoos!" which name came to be synonymous with "white man's friends." When the truth of their claim was substantiated, their camp was never molested and the Rangers always found something to eat and frequently some information of the common foe, for the Indians of tribes which were unfriendly to the white people were also unfriendly to the Kickapoos. So it came about that the Texas Frontier Guard started out as if to bring in the deserting band of "friendly" Kickapoos without so much as a skirmish, basing their estimate upon the Kickapoo as they had once known him instead of the Kickapoo who believed that he had the terrors of judgment day behind him.

The Kickapoos met the Rangers, one bright day in early June, on the Salt Fork of Red River. The Rangers were halted upon a comparatively level plateau and thought only of bringing the Indians to a parley, while the latter thought of nothing but moving ahead. Indeed, since shaking the reservation dust from their feet, their motto seemed to have been "onward!" It does not appear that the waiting party was nervous about taken at a disadvantage. They estimated their number to be about one-half that comprising the fighting force of the Indians and they did not fear four times their own number of such warriors on level ground. Savage mode of warfare is subject to no discipline and a battle with them is usually either a cunningly devised plan of ambush or a running fight, now charging and now running rapidly away, circling and returning again, heralded by showers of arrows or, if they have arms of other kinds, they discharge these aimlessly into the mass of their enemy. This was what the Rangers expected. While knownng that they had no defensive works of any kind, they also knew the usual tactics of the savages and therefore deemed it incredible that the latter, now formed in line, would charge right into their ranks without so much as a single halt. But this was precisely what the Kickapoos did upon that occasion, putting into the line for the charge their best mounted and best equipped warriors of the

younger blood. The Rangers waited, in confident anticipation, the charge that would come to a halt at a safe distance, out of range of the pistols and shotguns with which most of them were armed. They waited, however, for the halt that did not take place. When the impetuous braves were almost upon them, the Rangers began to prepare for a close fight, but it was too late. The irresistible human cyclone forced the Rangers into a hurly-burly race in which every man seemed bent upon saving his own scalp. The Rangers retreated by the way they had come, that is, to the eastward along the plateau, fearing ambush if they should run directly southward, as the ground in that direction was broken into deep gulches. Their decision was also no doubt influenced by their ardent desire to get out of the way of the furious savages, who were headed southward and who seemed determined to let nothing stop their progress in that direction.

The victorious Kickapoos continued to press the Rangers until the way was made clear for the women and children and old men of the tribe who, at a signal from the chiefs, took up the line of march with eagerness, while the warriors cleverly covered the rear. This, however, did not prevent them from being followed by the determined whites, who, turning as soon as the Kickapoo warriors left off pursuing, kept at their heels for a short distance until the hill country was reached, when the pursuit was abandoned.

Three or four more days brought the Kickapoos to the edge of that vast, and then unknown, Llano Estacado, where not a tree, nor a shrub nor even a mound broke the vision for miles on miles. The wind-swept sea of grass, unrelieved by water, was now before them. On the confines of this terra incognita, they deemed themselves secure against all except the red men who claimed the plains. It was here that the Kickapoos halted for the first time for rest. The grass was then at its greenest and their gaunt, thin ponies soon regained their wonted vigor. This region, at that season, fed vast herds of buffalo, grazing lazily northward. These furnished meat in abundance for the tired and hungry little band.

After allowing a few days of respite for rest and recuperation, they repacked their scanty belongings and resumed their journey. Here was Indian life to perfection. As they progressed, the plain spread out vaster and grander before them and the herds of buffalo, to the right and to the left and in front of them, looked like great shadows cast upon the sea of grass. Antelope were abundant and now the weary march was enlivened by the chase. The only inconvenience suffered was the want of water. But here, again, the endurance given as a birthright to the aborigines, stood them in good stead, for they traveled many weary miles at a time without so much

as a drop of water to relieve their intense thirst. The agonies of those hours were certainly great, but they were no doubt discounted somewhat by the Indian method of reasoning—that, so long as the hostile Indian tribes had not come into these wilds, they would be at least secure from enemies other than those given by nature.

But their hopes were elusive for, in the midst of the wilderness of sage grass, their quick eyes caught sight of a moving cloud that they knew was not the sign of a slowly moving band of buffalo. It was toward the going down of the sun which, being in their faces, dimmed their otherwise acute vision. But, as it drew on toward them, they made out a body of horsemen, traveling not directly in their faces but obliquely across their course. Hoping that they had not been discovered, they endeavored to bear off their route and get to the rear of the horsemen. This movement was at once detected by the strange party, which had descried the Kickapoos and had shaped its course so as to fall in with them, rightly reasoning that its numbers were greater and that it had nothing to fear from a conflict. Therefore changing its course to conform to the original design, the two bands were soon near enough together to enable the Kickapoos to recognize their old enemies, the loud-yelling and hard-fighting Comanches. Knowing that parley would be an idle waste of time, their bravest warriors drew up in line as if, out of idle curiosity, to gaze at the oncoming foe. At a signal, the same dashing courage that had awed and scattered the redoubtable Rangers was hurled upon the unformed horde of Comanches and soon riderless horses and horseless Comanche warriors were scattered over the plain, while those of the foe who were fortunate enough to hold their seats upon their terror-stricken ponies were scampering away, closely pursued by the victorious Kickapoos. The Comanches, thus cut into two bands, were now at the mercy of the Kickapoos, for many of their bravest warriors had fallen and many more had been disarmed in their headlong tumble into the grass by the shock of the first onslaught. The Kickapoos, returning from those who had fled, now caught these as they were trying to wriggle away like snakes through the tall, thick grass and they were given over to indiscriminate slaughter. They were disposed of without resistence, much as a nest of rats might be destroyed by a squad of boys, with nothing more to indicate a struggle than a pitiful cry of a hapless victim as he was overtaken and impaled by an arrow or burned fatally with hot lead.

The way was now clear again, where but an hour before stood the vaunting foe and nothing remained of the host of lately confident Comanches except the ponies upon which some of them had been mounted. These were driven into their car-

avan and the arms of the conquered and fallen were carefully hunted up by the women and older children. Strange as it may appear, not a scalp was taken, though they were scalp takers and had the field with nothing else to do. But the Kickapoos were not fighting for glory just then—all that they asked was the right of way to the mountains of Mexico.

Thenceforth, their progress to the Mexican border was without event worthy of record. A few small hunting parties belonging to other tribes, which roamed the Staken Plains, were met but they were too weak to stand against the heroes of "Salt Fork" and "Battle Plains," as their battle grounds have been called, the first being a conflict with white men and the next with red men of a tribe that was openly hostile, and both, in their ways, accounted among the best fighters in the West.

On the Mexican frontier, the Kickapoos met the descendants of the Aztecs, who thought there were quite as many Indians within their borders as they could take care of. This proposition was promptly met by the Kickapoos and as promptly disposed of by a little tilt at arms with the men who wore sombreros. The Kickapoos had come all this distance to reach the Sierras of Mexico and no other mountains would answer the purpose. So, at last, after incredible hardships and the overcoming of many enemies, the Kickapoos found themselves secure in the haven of refuge, where they continued to live, partially identified with the Southern or Mexican Apaches, for twelve years.

After the end of the Civil War, the United States Government tried vainly to coax the Kickapoos to return to the reservation in Kansas. After every other means had been exhausted, the Government sent a commission consiting of three mixed-blood Pottawatomies, with whose tribe the Kickapoos had always been at peace and sometimes in alliance. Two of these were Antoine Navarre and W. R. Bertrand (the name of the third is not recalled). In 1873, these three commissioners set off on their perilous mission. They were sustained however by the belief that they would find among the Kickapoos a few of their own fellow tribesmen who would protect them if necessary. After many meetings with the Kickapoo chiefs, who exacted many promises and conditions, the Kickapoos finally consented to once more turn their faces northward. They did not wish to return to their old reservation, in Kansas, however, so they were given the privilege of settling in the Indian Territory, of which they availed themselves.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

Massachusetts Historical Society
Fenway, Boston.

My dear Mr. Dale:

Thank you for sending me the first issue of your new venture, an extremely creditable number, and your contribution interested me more than the other contents, perhaps because it is more personal and deals with a picturesque character. I hope the magazine will be a success, though it can never be profitable. Hard work and no returns in money are compensated by reputation and the upbuilding of a local society, rewards sufficient to justify the labor and sacrifice. I will lay the "Chronicles" before our committee with a suggestion that the O. H. S. be placed upon the exchange list, if not already there, so that it will receive our proceedings in exchange for the Chronicles. Will that be satisfactory?

We are plodding as usual, turning out some things each year, but recognition is slow and historical studies are not held in the same estimation as our forbears accorded them. I am glad to know that you are inoculating your region with the virus for without historical standards a people are poor indeed. The strength of a nation depends quite as much on its traditions and ideals as on its material foundations.

Sincerely yours
Worthington C. Ford.

TRAVE COMPANY, OKLAHOMA CITY

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